

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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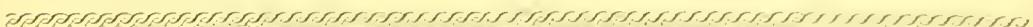


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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXVII.—No. 7.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1892.

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THE TAPIR.

THIS peculiar creature is found in South America, and is the largest native animal

smaller in size than an ordinary horse, but is more bulky in appearance. It is common in almost all parts of South America, its range



THE TAPIR.

of that country. It is described as having a thick skin, short hair, ears and tail, with a nose elongated, and resembling the trunk of the elephant, though much shorter. It is

extending as far south as the Strait of Magellan, although it suddenly ceases to be found at the Isthmus of Darien. Its color is a uniform deep brown, but the young are beauti-

fully marked with yellowish fawn-colored stripes and spots. The skin of the neck forms a thick, rounded crest on the nape, with a short mane of stiff hair. The tapir inhabits deep recesses of the forest, and delights in plunging and swimming in water. It feeds chiefly on young shoots of trees, fruits, and other vegetable substances, but is ready to swallow almost anything that comes in its way. Pieces of wood, clay, and pebbles are often found in its stomach. It sometimes commits great ravages in cultivated grounds; a large herd of tapirs sallying forth from the forest by night, trampling and devouring all that they find in the fields.

The tapir is a very powerful animal, and, protected by its thick hide, forces its way through the forest where almost no other quadruped can. When assailed by the jaguar, it seeks to get rid of him by rushing through thick underwood, and if it can reach water, is often successful by plunging in and diving. It is inoffensive, never attacking man; but when hard pressed by dogs, makes a violent resistance, and inflicts severe bites.

It is very easily tamed, and becomes extremely familiar; but its large size makes it a troublesome pet. Its hide is useful, and its flesh is eaten, although rather dry.

The Malayan tapir is found in Mallacca and Sumatra. It is larger than the American tapir, and its proboscis is rather longer in proportion. The neck has no mane. The color is glossy black, except the back, rump, and sides of the belly, which are white. The colors do not pass gradually one into another, but the line of separation is marked, giving the animal a very peculiar appearance. The habits of this species are very similar to those of the American tapir, and it is equally capable of domestication. The young are striped and spotted as in that species.

A third species of tapir is found in the mountainous parts of South America, and two in Central America and Mexico.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

ELDER JOSEPH TAYLOR, SEN., of Harrisville, Weber County, Utah, was born June 4th, 1825, in Warren County, Kentucky. He was baptized into the Church in Ray County, Missouri, in the summer of 1835. In Zion's Camp, on the Salt River, Monroe County, Missouri, in June, 1834, he first met the Prophet Joseph Smith. Of him he thus testifies:

“When I first saw him I believed he was one of God's noblemen; and as I grew older I became thoroughly convinced that he was a true Prophet of God.”

An incident he relates of the Prophet is the following, given in his own words:

“In February, 1841, my brother John was in jail, in the hands of the Missourians, about two hundred miles from home, and my dear widowed mother was very much concerned about his safety. On one occasion she was crying and fretting about him.

“When I saw her in trouble, I asked what was the matter.

“She replied that she was afraid the Missourians would kill her dear son John, and she would never see him again.

“I was strongly impressed to have her let me go to the Prophet Joseph and ask him if my brother would ever come home. She was very desirous for me to do so.

“As the Prophet Joseph only lived about three miles from our house I got on a horse and rode to his home. When I reached there, Sister Emma Smith said that he and his son Joseph had just gone up the river near Nauvoo to shoot ducks. I rode up to them, when the Prophet inquired about mother's welfare.

“I told him that mother was very sad and down-hearted about the safety of her son John; and she had requested me to come and ask him as a man of God whether my brother would ever return home.

“He rested on his gun, and bent his head for a moment as if in prayer or deep reflec-

IT is impossible for an idle man to ever become great..

tion. Then, with a beautiful beaming countenance, full of smiles, he looked up and told me to go and tell mother that her son would return in safety inside of a week. True to the word of the Prophet, he got home in six days after this occurrence. This was a great comfort to mother for her son had been absent about six months."

TESTIMONY OF HENRIETTA COX.

"I am the daughter of Josiah and Ascenath Jones. I was born March 8th, 1835, in the town of Mansfield, Lolland County, Connecticut.

"In the spring of 1841 my parents were both baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and soon after started for Nauvoo in company with some other Saints. After reaching their destination the company camped for a few days on the bank of the Mississippi until they had opportunity to find homes, a Brother Sherwood kindly giving them the use of one small log house which he owned.

"While the Saints camped here the Prophet visited them. A meeting was held in the afore-mentioned log house. I remember that when the Prophet came into the room he shook hands with all, old and young, who had assembled. I cannot remember much that was said that day in meeting, as I was so very young, but one incident of the day's proceedings fastened itself so firmly upon my mind that I have never forgotten it.

"Brother Joseph was sitting with his head bent low, as if in deep thought, and had not spoken for a few minutes, when one of the Elders present began to chide him for being bowed in spirit, and said, 'Brother Joseph, why don't you hold your head up and talk to us like a man?'

"Brother Joseph presently answered the Elder by calling his attention to a field of ripening grain, saying that many heads of grain in that field bent low with their weight of valuable store, while others there were which containing no grain to be garnered, stood very straight.

"Proof of the correctness of his words was given shortly after, as the Elder to whom they were addressed soon after apostatized and went back east.

"I know of a surety that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, and have had abundant testimony that the work which he established is the work of our Father in heaven.

TESTIMONY OF BROTHER JAMES B. BRACKEN,
SEN.

"I was born January 14th, 1816, in Hamilton County, Ohio, and was baptized March 10th, 1832, in Clinton County, Indiana.

"The first time I saw the Prophet Joseph Smith was in June, 1838, in the town of Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri. I went to a meeting and he preached to the people, teaching them the principles of salvation.

"Soon after Joseph's arrival trouble commenced, and the same fall there were several thousands of State troops sent to Far West with exterminating orders from Governor Boggs. I never saw a nobler looking or acting man than Joseph Smith appeared on that occasion.

"I saw George M. Hinkle when he betrayed the Prophet, and took him into the camp of the mob. I also saw Joseph Smith a day or two later, when they brought him back, and were taking him to Jackson County, when they said we would never see our Prophet any more. Many of the brethren tried to get to the wagon to shake hands with the Prophet but the mob would not allow that privilege, so the Prophet, raised the wagon cover and put out his hand toward the brethren and said, 'Good-by,' and passed on in silence.

"I saw no more of the Prophet until I got to Illinois, where I heard him talk many times in public and private, and here bear my testimony that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God, and that he brought forth the fullness of the gospel in the last days."

DIALOGUE.

Trades and Professions.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 191.)

Teacher.—Well boys you look a little excited, not been having a quarrel, I hope?

Paul.—Not exactly a quarrel, but rather a dispute. And we are glad you are now here so that we can appeal the case to you. Some of us boys have been talking about our future, and part of us want to become tradesmen and the others want to be what you tell us are professional men. Now, those who like the trades, say the boys who are wanting to become lawyers or doctors, are choosing their callings because they don't like work, and the others retort by saying the tradesmen are not ambitious and aspiring. Each of us thinks he is right and the others more or less wrong; so we appeal to you to settle the dispute.

Teacher.—I suppose you know, boys, that disputing never made a thing right or wrong, and moreover, argument never makes things right if they are wrong, and *vice versa*. Now, we will try and see what each one can say about this matter before we decide. Those who declare for the trades come on this side, and those who are for the professions range themselves on the opposite side. (*Arranges boys as directed.*) Now, then, Henry, what is your choice and why?

Henry.—I have not made any choice as yet; father has just asked me to make a choice.

Teacher.—Well then you can listen to what we say and perhaps at the close of our talk you will be ready to choose for yourself. Now Raymond, what is your choice.

Raymond.—I want to be a gentleman.

Teacher.—No doubt. But it is not necessary to adopt that calling as a trade or a profession. If you are a true gentleman it will make little difference to you what your work will be, for you will dignify it and it will develop you. Now then tell me what

you want to work at as a means of gaining your living.

Raymond.—(Stammeringly.) I don't know.

Teacher.—You then can listen as will Henry, and decide afterwards what you will choose as your life work. Willard, you can tell me what you have chosen.

Willard.—I wish to be a carpenter as it will be a clean trade, and then if a man is a good carpenter there is always a place in the world for him, be the country ever so new or ever so old. Thus I shall be of use to myself and others as well.

Teacher.—Good. I always thought you were a sensible boy, Willard, and now I know it. Now then Milton.

Milton.—I want to be a doctor or a dentist or something nice like that. Something in which I can earn lots of money and yet be able to look always like a gentleman.

Teacher.—Humph! I don't know how nice you would look if you were just engaged in sawing off a man's leg. If your sole desire to be a doctor or a dentist is to dress nice you had best let that go and hire yourself out to a clothing store for a dummy to try clothes on. You will get your wish there. Now James, what is it you have chosen?

James.—I shall be a great big, strong blacksmith, ready to shoe the finest horses in the county.

Teacher.—Just so; that's all good, and if the finest horse in the county happens to break your leg, you must not mind it you know. Ernest, what is your choice?

Ernest.—I am high. I want to study law, and know all the history and government of every nation under the sun. And then some day I shall perhaps go to the Legislature and even to Congress, who knows?

Teacher.—Rather high, my boy, rather high. Be careful that you do not get a great big fall, for I have known some lawyers to aim so high and to fall in consequence so low that their necks were broken by the descent. However, I am inclined to think that your ambition goes down a little deeper into the sound realities of life than your rather hasty

words would show; and I love to see an ambitious boy. John, you may speak next.

John.—I shall choose to be a farmer as was my father before me and there is no one so independent as a farmer, you know, teacher, so I shall look at the struggles of the boys with much amusement, for I shall be safe anyway.

Teacher.—Not so fast my boy, I think if you were to talk a little with your father he would tell you that he is quite as dependent as are the rest of men. And I don't think if you are going to spend your life in the tickling of nature's face in order to make her smile with bounteous harvests, you will have much time to spare in laughing at any one else. Paul, you are the last. What is your chosen field?

Paul.—I have decided to study for a Church School teacher. For I think in that vocation I shall be more able to make the gospel a living reality to me than in any other field. And I love my religion and want to advance as fast in this life as I consistently can.

Teacher.—Bravo, Paul. You have spoken like a true Saint. Now, then, I want to say to all of you that you are all right, and you are all, or nearly all of you, wrong. If I make any exception, it will be because you can see it is proper. Now, first of all, let me say that it makes little difference what field, or what vocation, or what profession you may choose to adopt, it is the way you fill that vocation that will make or mar your life. You boys who choose the professions because you want to be gentlemen, I think I understand your wish, and that is a noble wish. It is a wish to live not merely to eat and drink, as do the beasts, but to put the God-given intelligence within you to do its best and highest work. It has been common in the world for men of leisure and of the professions to be the only ones who can do this; but I am glad to tell you that our free America makes it possible for the hewer of wood and the drawer of water to be as much gentlemen in every sense of the word as is the capitalist in his carriage.

It is not the work we choose, it is the way we do that work that will count for us in this life or the life to come. If you who want to be tradesmen will do your work with all the intelligence you can put into it, and will plant every seed and pound every nail with a desire in your heart to build up Zion and to develop the best and brightest within you, you need never fear about any human soul being your superior, for that will be impossible. If you who want to be gentlemen will do the work of gentlemen, and if you choose brain work let it be brain work, not brain waste and play, then you will have little time left in which to sneer at those who are in another part of God's vineyard. Each one must aim so high that only the angels will see to the top of your ambition. If you will all do this, you will never have occasion to quarrel or differ on such things again. Study your own natures and then choose that which you will love to do and thus you will be sure to do it well. You each have a mission, a practical mission to fill, and if you do not fill it, it will be left unoccupied throughout all time. Now, boys, it is time for school, and we will have our drill and then go into our classes.

(*The boys form under the direction of the teacher, and go through a military drill.*)

Susa Young Gates.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

MOST of the readers of the JUVENILE have heard about—if they have not seen—a disgraceful and most deplorable article which was published some years ago in a daily paper in this city, in which the writer urged young Mormons to visit saloons, gambling dens and houses of ill repute, and to indulge in the vices of so-called civilization, in order that they might be thus freed from the supposed despotic control of a Priesthood which, he asserted, was endeavoring to enslave the bodies and minds of these young people.

The same horror and indignation which stirred me when I read it fills my mind today

as I think about it. It is amazing that a public journal claiming to be respectable ever permitted such infamous sentiments to appear in its columns. For a long time I supposed—as perhaps many still do—that this vile article was written by one of the editorial staff of the paper in which it first appeared. But a few years ago I learned to my sorrow that it was penned by one who had formerly been on a mission to the British Isles.

One Sunday afternoon as I was going to the Tabernacle I overtook the person above referred to and we entered the grounds together. I knew him to be demoralized and the keeper of a rather low saloon, but was not prepared for the revelation which he made. We were somewhat late, and as we approached the building, we heard the sound of heavenly music proceeding from the organ and choir, and as he seemed much affected and unable to proceed we both stood still and listened. He then voluntarily began his confession to me. I suppose because we had been in the same mission field at the same time. He told me all about it, that he was the author of the article referred to, and how it had eaten into his very soul. And as he stood there, his eyes bloodshot and weeping, his face revealing the agony of his soul, his limbs tottering, he raised his trembling right hand, and said, "Oh, I would gladly have this arm cut off if by so doing I could regain the spirit I once had when we were in England!"

I looked at him with deep pity. I did not know what to do for him. I saw that he was already a moral and mental wreck, that he had lost the power of self-control and had exchanged the blessed purity and liberty of the gospel for a slavery which he admitted was worse than death. Yet I felt comforted by the evidence that he was not entirely hardened, by the glimmer of light that shone amid the darkness of his soul showing that he was not wholly given over to the powers of evil, and only wished that I could take him from his evil surroundings, put him under better influences and help him and bear with him until he could again stand alone and re-

joice in the freedom which the truth imparts.

But I had neither power nor means to do this, and so turned sadly away. I never saw him more; and soon after read the notice of his death.

Many times since have I wished that he could have stood before the assembled thousands in the Tabernacle and said just what he said to me. It would have been an object lesson which no one who saw it would ever forget. Let us trust that he is gone where he will be brought under better influences, where he can be controlled and where the tears of repentance may efface from his soul the record of his unhappy, sin-stained life here. "In the way of righteousness is life; but he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death."

W. H. S.

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS.—NO. 14.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF
EDUCATION,

April 1st, 1892.

Circuit Visits.—In conformity with the program for the third circuit of the present academic year, the undersigned visited between January 19th and February 26th, the Church Schools in Juab, Millard, Emery, Sanpete and Sevier Stakes, besides meeting with the respective Boards and Faculties, witnessing exercises in some Religion Classes and Sunday Schools, and addressing public meetings in various places throughout those Stakes in the interest of our educational system. The fourth circuit will comprise Salt Lake, Davis, Weber, Box Elder, Morgan, Summit and Wasatch Stakes, of which due notice will be given.

Observations and Suggestions.—Several observations made during the past three circuits, the undersigned takes the liberty of suggesting to all concerned with a view of general application:

1.—The individual class work of some of our young Principals is deserving in most

cases all credit, but the fact appears to have been lost sight of by them, that a Principal is not only required to be a good class worker himself, but that the outlining and superintendency of the class work of his assistant-teachers form also a very important feature of his responsibilities. Harmony in the methods of teaching, mutual support in discipline, and the personal influence of the Principal throughout all grades of the school, are essentials, the cultivation of which requires a never-ceasing activity, the gift of close observation, an even temper, faithful devotion to all the interests of the school, and close elbow-feeling with the spirit and aims of our educational system.

2.—Several of our Church School teachers were found without any knowledge of the instructions given in the *Church School Papers*, as the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* had not come within their reach. The indifference of some of the Boards in this respect is one of the evidences of the lack of comprehension of the importance of the work before us, and it is to be hoped that the undersigned may not find at his future visits any Church Schools without Church School Papers on file.

3.—The adoption of the Leaflets in the theological instruction has been urged before, but, with few exceptions, this recommendation has been lost sight of. At least once a week this course of religious instruction should be resorted to.

4.—Every Principal is expected to have all records of the school, required according to General Circular No. 7, page 17, carefully completed before the closing of the academic year; also the Annual Statistical Report, and the Historical Report, both of which are due on or before July 15 next.

5.—It is the duty of every Principal of a Stake Academy to see to the organization of the Religion Classes throughout the Stake, on consulting with the Stake Presidency and the Stake Board of Education, and report to the undersigned from time to time the progress of the work or any difficulties encountered.

6.—As all educational affairs among the Latter-day Saints in every Stake are under the control of the respective Stake Boards and of the Principal of the Stake Academy, as its executive officer, the Educational Stake Conventions should be held at regular periods, according to instructions already given. Several Principals do not seem to have given the matter much attention as yet.

7.—There are a few Boards carrying along members that, probably on account of too many other engagements, seem to neither have time nor inclination to take any active interest in their school. It is suggested that such members be honorably released from their office, and their places be filled with active workers.

Normal Graduates of 1892, desiring to enter the Church School Service will furnish their Principal with specifications in regard to qualification, locality and special conditions.

Closing of the Academic Year.—It has been reported that some Church Schools are intending to close before the full school year expires on account of the decrease in attendance. The attention of the Boards of Education is called to the instructions on this point given in General Circular No. 7, pages 14 and 15. Any school closing in that way without previous consultation with the General Superintendent may forfeit its annual appropriation.

Normal Course for M. I. A. officers at the B. Y. Academy.—Under instructions from the General Superintendence of Y. M. M. I. A., Dr. Milton H. Hardy has conducted at the B. Y. Academy two Normal Classes of four weeks each, with an average attendance of sixty-five students, all being officers of the Young Men and of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations. The Prof. was assisted in his labors by Elders J. E. Booth, J. B. Keeler and E. A. Wilson, for various branches in Civil Government, and by Prof. H. E. Giles for Music. The course of studies followed closely the Manual published for guidance of the M. I. Associations. The grand success of this new feature in the M. I.

Association work makes it desirable that a further development of the movement may be looked for at an early day.

Visit of Dr. Elliot, President of Harvard University. As there is a little colony of young Latter-day Saints attending at present Harvard University, or institutions of learning connected with it, President Elliot expressed a desire to one of those students to obtain an opportunity of becoming closer acquainted with the educational condition of our people during his contemplated visit out west. The General Board of Education, therefore, entertained this distinguished educator as its guest during his three days' sojourn in Utah, which occasion the Professor improved by visiting the B. Y. Academy at Provo, addressing a large audience in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City in the evening of Wednesday, March 16, and visiting Logan the following day. The Professor is a strong advocate of religious liberty, politically in general, and educationally in particular.

By order of the General Board of Education.

DR. KARL G. MAESER,
General Superintendent.

PROVO, Box 238.

EMINENT PEOPLE OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

I.—Christopher Columbus.

A LITTLE over four hundred years ago there lived and flourished in the little sea-faring town of Genoa, in Italy, a man known as Dominico Colombo, with his wife, Susannah Fanatanarossa. They were a newly married couple, and the husband followed the humble life of a wool-comber, the same as his forefathers had done for generations before him. In due course of time, olive branches sprang up about the humble hearth of these lowly peasants; three sons, Christopher, Bartholomew and Giacomo or James, and one daughter whose name and fate is

unknown. Of these, Christopher was the eldest, as well as the most precocious of the family, the latter gift remaining with him and distinguishing him throughout his life, not only from the rest of his father's family, but from all others of his native town and country, having developed, of course, from precociousness into talent and ability of a superior order.

From an early age Christopher showed in his nature a great inclination for the sea and its pursuits. His surroundings and daily contact with people of maritime habits tended to strengthen this peculiarity. His early education was restricted by narrow means to reading, writing, grammar and arithmetic, with a slight knowledge of the elements of Latin, drawing and design. For a short period only he attended the University of Pavia, where geometry, geography, navigation and astronomy were added to his studies. His stay here was limited by lack of means, and, according to some historians, he returned to Genoa, where, for a short time, he assisted his father in his business of wool-combing. The enterprising spirit of the boy could not, however, be tied down to anything so monotonous for any great length of time, so it is hardly surprising to note that at the early age of fourteen years he began his chosen career of a sailor. His first voyages were taken in company of a distant relative named Colombo, who is described as a hardy veteran of the seas, distinguished for his boldness, bravery, and love of adventure. It was in a naval expedition fitted out by John of Anjou against Naples, in the hope of recovering that province for his father, that our hero received his first lessons in the hardships and vicissitudes of a sailor's life. The expedition was a failure so far as the accomplishment of its primal object was concerned, yet as a school in which to fit the embryo explorer for the duties of the great future before him, its educational value can scarcely be estimated. Four years of the youth's life was expended in this expedition, after which he is lost sight of for several years, but is

supposed by many to have been engaged in the transportation of merchandise to and from the parts of the Mediterranean and the Levant. In those days, when the practice of piracy was so extensive, and not punishable by law, even this apparently peaceable avocation was often full of hazard and peril. It was in a piratical engagement of this kind between his own vessels and four Venetian galleys, that the vessels took fire from the explosion of some hand-grenades, and the crews were obliged to choose between the dangers of death by fire and by drowning. The crews threw themselves into the water, a few of the strongest and most expert swimmers only being able to reach the nearest land about two leagues distant. Among those thus fortunate was Columbus. Upon recovering from the exhaustion and fatigue resulting from this great physical effort, he found that the land thus reached was the coast of Portugal. He wandered to Lisbon, and finding there numbers of his countrymen, and being pleased with the country, resolved to remain.

The Portuguese, under Prince Henry, son of John the First, and Philippa of Lancaster, sister of Henry the Fourth, of England, were the most interested of all the great powers at that time, in explorations and the science of navigation. Under the guidance of his master-mind had been discovered and named the Canary Islands, (the fortunate isles of the ancients, where had been located their Garden of Hesperides, and which had been lost to the world for ages), the island of madiera, and much of the Atlantic coast of Africa.

All the literature extant upon geographical subjects had also been collected by this monarch, so that we see Columbus could not have been well thrown into a better position to foster the inherent inclinations of his nature, and mature the great plans which were but in a state of formation at the time of his accidental landing on that shore.

Among the many strange ideas that held sway concerning that part of the earth yet unexplored, was one which we will mention

as it was brought up at a later date as an insuperable barrier to the plans submitted by Columbus for the consummation of his schemes. It was that the earth at and near the equator, was girdled by a zone of uncertain width, within which the heat was so intense that the sea was kept at the boiling point, and no plant or animal could live.

The grand idea of Prince Henry was to open up a new route to India by the circumnavigation of Africa. He, however, died in 1473, without having accomplished his object, leaving it in charge of his country to prosecute his plans. Columbus had at this time been in Lisbon about three years, and was in the full bloom and vigor of his manhood. The description given of his personal appearance by his biographer, Irving, is of so much interest that we will give it verbatim.

According to the account given, "he was tall, well formed, muscular, and of an elevated and dignified demeanor. His visage was long, and neither full nor meagre; his complexion fair and freckled, and inclined to ruddy; his nose aquiline; his cheek bones were rather high, his eyes light gray, and apt to enkindle; his whole countenance had an air of authority. His hair, in his youthful days was of a light color; but care and trouble, according to Las Casas, soon turned it to gray, and at thirty was quite white. He was moderate and simple in diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and his amiableness and suavity in domestic life, strangely attached his household to his person. His temper was naturally irritable; but he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language."

From all accounts, we have every reason to believe he was of a very religious turn of mind, devoting himself very strictly to the requirements of the Catholic faith, the prevailing religion of that time. While at Lisbon he became acquainted with and married Dona Felipa, daughter of Bartolomeo

Monis de Perestrello, a distinguished Italian navigator who had served under Prince Henry, but had lately died. They resided for a time with the mother of the bride, where Columbus had free access to the papers and charts of the dead navigator, a privilege he availed himself of with great ardor; thus becoming well acquainted with the routes and plains of the Portuguese in their journeyings. He supported his family by making maps and charts, contributing from the scanty means thus earned, toward the support of his aged father, and the education of his younger brothers. After a time, they removed to the island of Parto Santo, where his wife had inherited some property. Here they resided until the death of his wife, leaving him one son, named Diego. While residing here, opportunities for perfecting his plans were multiplied so that by the time he returned to Lisbon, his mind was ripe for undertaking the great scheme of finding a westward passage to India, in order to avoid the long, tedious and dangerous route that was then the only one known. John the Second had succeeded Henry as king, and to him Columbus applied for aid in his plans. This wily man pretended to be much interested, made the projector go carefully over the details of his proposed journey several times, and dismissed him with flattering promises of speedy assistance. Once rid of Columbus, he fitted out a secret expedition, using for that purpose the plans submitted to him and this without the knowledge of their projector. His navigators and sailors, once out of sight of land, encountered a storm, grew terrified and returned in great haste, reporting that the scheme was entirely unfeasible. When Columbus learned of the treachery of King John, he was so disgusted that, taking with him his little son Diego he turned his back upon Portugal, and thus was lost to that king and country the great privilege and emoluments of the discoveries it was his destiny to make, and the destiny of another nation to receive.

Julia A. Macdonald.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Education and Educators.

THE recent visit of President Elliot of Harvard University to our Territory is an event of much interest and importance, and it brings forcibly before us the subject of education in its more advanced branches. This is a matter that is always full of interest to the Latter-day Saints. In our mountain home there are comparatively few high schools, though in some of the cities of larger growth there are fine institutions, and even colleges, with fairly equipped buildings and earnest and efficient teachers. In the more remote parts of the Territory the schools are not what the friends of education would like them to be, nor what they in the near future, probably, will be. The difficulties of pioneering the more distant valleys the limited means of the people, their isolation, and their lack of numbers, rendering necessary the help of the children of the family in wringing a livelihood from the soil—all these things have contributed to retard the advancement in educational advantages that would have been desirable. As a people the Latter-day Saints are ardent friends of learning, true seekers after knowledge. They recognize in a good education the best of fortunes; it broadens the mind, creates liberal and noble sentiments, and fits the possessor for a more successful struggle with the obstacles of life. No matter how rough the path or how hard the labor, intelligence helps to make it easier. On the other hand, the pleasures of life are heightened by knowledge; one appreciates more fully the beauties of art, and enjoys with supreme zest the wonders of nature. The possession of knowledge is of itself the highest pleasure, indispensable and satisfying to those who are thrown among cultured people, and comforting to the solitary and the recluse.

For the encouragement of those who do not have the opportunity of attending the advanced schools we want to say that something more than mere opportunity is needed in the

acquirement of an education. Study, for the real love of it, is the corner-stone of every scholar's store of learning. Given a keen desire to absorb intelligence from every available source, the self-taught man will accomplish far more than the half-hearted student at whose hands are placed the rarest facilities. In like manner, fine buildings and adequate school apparatus do not of necessity make a successful educational institution. Your true educator is not always he who has the best appliances and conveniences at command, but he who loves his profession, devotes his time and talents and his whole heart to the cultivation of the minds under his care. We sometimes think the primary teacher is not half appreciated. His patience, his gentleness, his affectionate acquaintance with the whims and peculiarities of each of the little ones sent to him for instruction, above all his devotion to duty—these constitute a charm and an influence that many a university professor might gladly seek for, even at the cost of any of his high-sounding and pretentious resources.

We have wandered a little from the subject first alluded to, and yet not gone beyond the theme which the name of Professor Elliot suggests. We believe his visit and that of Professor White of Cornell will have a good effect in correcting many false impressions as to the attitude of the Saints and their leaders toward education. These eminent scholars seemed favorably impressed with their reception and investigations in our Territory, and the community on its part felt highly honored in their visit and acquaintance.

The Editor.

IT PAYS.

IT pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth,
To note, with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth.

To strive, with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win;
It pays to open wide the heart
And let the sunshine in.

GRACE DARLING.

THE story of Grace Darling's rescue of the survivors of the *Forfarshire* steamer is wonderful, not only on account of the difficulties of the rescue itself, but more particularly on account of the unhardy nature of her who was solely instrumental in effecting it. Grace Darling was no "strong daughter of the plow," or of the oar, to whom it would not be so difficult a matter to pull a boat through a raging surf. On the contrary, she was of delicate constitution and died young. The following is the story of the wonderful rescue she effected:

On the evening of the 5th of September, 1838, the steamer *Forfarshire*, of 300 tons burden, left Hull for Dundee, with sixty-three persons on board, including passengers and crew. There had been something wrong with her boilers before she left port, and this injury had been so ill remedied that when off Flamborough Head the boilers were found to leak worse than ever. The *Forfarshire's* progress was retarded, so that with stopping to repair the boilers and what with the diminished action of the engines, it was evening on the 6th of September before the "Fairway," or passage between the Farne Islands and the mainland, was made.

The steamer got through the passage into Berwick Bay, when the wind began to blow exceedingly hard from the northward and the sea to get up. As the night came on the weather became rougher, and at ten o'clock there was a whole gale of wind. The engineers reported that the leak in the boilers had put out the fires, and that the engines were unmanageable. The master of the *Forfarshire*, John Humble, put sail on the ship and got her round, with the intention of getting her before the wind and running out to sea. He did not probably think himself so close to dangerous rocks as to justify or rather to necessitate letting go his anchors. The *Forfarshire* would not answer her helm; she fell off, carried away some of her gear, and becoming unmanageable, began to drift. The current

was setting to the southward, in the direction of the Fairway, the dangerous channel through which the steamer had so lately passed. The shipmen were ignorant of their position until suddenly the Farne Islands light flashed upon them, and they saw close under their lee the broken water which

of the 7th of September, she struck heavily forward upon a sharp rock of one of the Farne Islands. Nine of the crew lowered a boat and so saved themselves, being picked up next day by a passing ship; but no attempt was made to save any more lives.

Soon after the first shock had taken place,



GRACE DARLING.

marked the spot where outlying rocks lurked in ambush for them.

Captain Humble did his utmost to run his ship into the channel, through which he hoped he might get into clear water beyond; but she was not under command, and between three and four o'clock on the morning

the waves struck the steamer some heavy blows on her quarter, and then uniting their strength, lifted her, to fling her down again on the edge of the rock. Immediately she broke her back, and the after part, containing the captain, his wife and many of the passengers, was swept away and destroyed with

its living freight. The fore part fell forward on the rock. Upon it, and in the make-shift shelter furnished by its wreckage, were clustered nine persons, five of the crew and four passengers, including a poor woman whose two children died in her arms during the night.

When morning broke the look-out at the lighthouse on the Longstone, one of the Farne group, descried the position of the sufferers, and saw also the apparent impossibility of assisting them. The wind had abated a little, but the sea was still tremendously high, and around the rocky Farnes was surging and seething like the water in a mill dam. In the Longstone lighthouse were three persons, William Darling, his wife, and their daughter Grace, who was twenty-three years of age. What assistance could they render? William Darling thought none, and, knowing the great danger of the navigation at all times, but especially in stormy weather—knowing also that unusual strength would be necessary to pull a boat through such a sea as was running—determined to leave the ship-wrecked folk to their fate. Men on the mainland refused that day to put off, though for substantial reward.

Grace Darling knew less, perhaps, than her father about the perils of a rescue, but she could not bear the idea of no attempt being made to save those who could be seen by the aid of a glass clinging to the wreck on the sea-washed rock about a mile away. She begged that the lighthouse boat might be launched, and declared her own readiness and ability to take an oar. Doubtingly and with misgiving, William Darling yielded to his daughter's solicitations, and with the help of wife and maiden got the boat into the water.

Then came the difficulty, then there was the danger! Bravely, manfully, perseveringly the two rowers toiled at their work, now raised high on the crest of one wave, now buried in the lap of another, now using all their skill and co-operation to keep the boat's head to the breakers, now giving way with earnest

will to pull the boat through them. On they went, spurred to exertion not only by the enthusiasm of humanity, but by prudential motives, for they knew that unless they could get back from the goal they aimed at with the flow of the tide, they would have to be prisoners with the shipwrecked till the tide served again.

After a severe labor which well-nigh exhausted the crew, the lighthouse boat was brought alongside the rock on which the miserable people were. Well might they wonder at the sight the boat presented; well might they wonder to see in one of their rescuers a fair maiden, young and feminine in her looks, who yet seemed able to manage her oar with all the skill, strength and dexterity of the most practiced boatman.

All the survivors were taken off and brought back to the Longstone, where they were duly cared for and entertained until the boisterous weather having subsided, they could be taken to the mainland.

Four years afterwards Grace Darling, whose wonderful courage and hardihood were thus the means of saving nine lives, fell a victim to consumption; but her name still lives, and must endure until the day when the world shall cease to admire and love those who are capable of the most exalted and wonderful heroism.



NEW DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS.

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

AT the last session of the U. S. Congress an appropriation was made to the Navy Department for the purpose of surveying a route for a telegraphic cable to be laid between California and Hawaii, the principal of the Sandwich Island group. The soundings made between the two points showed that the ocean bottom was very uneven, varying in depth from one and a quarter to three and a half miles. Further on, towards the Asiatic shore of the Pacific, the depth was found still

greater. For a long distance a depression was encountered so deep that the surveying party failed to ascertain its measurement. The wire with which the soundings were made broke with its own weight at a depth of nearly five and a quarter miles.

From the numerous soundings which have been made at various times and at different places, some interesting facts regarding the character of the bed of the ocean have been obtained. By the aid of what has been ascertained in this manner concerning the bottom of the sea, it is possible to draw a map or profile of it, showing the submerged mountain ridges that separate it into sections or basins.

One of these ridges divides the Atlantic somewhere near the center, running from Greenland south as far as the Cape of Good Hope. The part of the Atlantic on the western side of this line is again separated by a ridge running from this central one to the north-east coast of South America. The Pacific is separated by a similar ridge running across from the northern coast of Chili to the East Indies.

Between the coasts of Newfoundland and Ireland there is a ridge or plateau which makes the ocean between these two points comparatively shallow. This is known as the "telegraph plateau," as several telegraph cables have been laid upon it.

A geographical writer, who has made some calculations based on what has been discovered regarding the depth of the sea in various places, makes the statement that if the surface of the ocean were to be lowered six thousand feet (a little more than a mile), North America, the British Isles, Greenland, Iceland and Asia in the region of Behring Strait would all be connected by dry land; and near the south pole a continent as large as Africa would appear. This goes to show that considerable of the ocean is only about a mile deep.

The same writer further calculates that if the sea level could be lowered two and a half miles, Africa, South America, Asia, Australia and the continent that would appear in the

antarctic region would all be connected. The Atlantic would be divided into three basins, the Pacific into two, and both separated from the Indian Ocean, while the Mediterranean and other seas would be no more.

More than half of the earth's face would still be covered with water; but by lowering the ocean surface another mile (three and a half miles in all) there would be no great seas left except one in the northern Pacific, showing that there is found the deepest water on the globe.

It is said that some of the ocean plateaus are entirely covered for thousands of miles with tiny shells of a creamy-white hue. The depths between these ridges are of a red color, being strewn with volcanic and meteoric rock, mingled with the bones of whales, sharks and other sea monsters. But very little vegetable or animal life exists in the deepest places.

SOME FACTS ABOUT ALASKA.

Those who have studied geography know the position the territory of Alaska occupies on the map; and also that it belongs to the United States. Until within the last few years but little was known of this vast territory—as large in extent as the New England and Middle States, with Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee combined; and with a coast line long enough to reach around the world, being 25,000 miles in extent.

Who would believe that San Francisco was in the center between the eastern and western boundaries of the United States possessions? Yet the extreme western island belonging to Alaska is as far west of California as Maine is east. The river Yukon, which empties into the Behring sea, is two thousand miles in length and from one to twenty miles wide. It is one of the largest in the United States.

Alaska is the region of the highest mountain peaks in the United States, that of Mount St. Elias being 19,500 feet high (over three and a half miles). Among the islands of Alaska are several hot springs, hot marshes,

and on one island a lake of sulphur. One of the hot springs measures eighteen miles in circumference. In some of these springs the natives cook their food.

The climate along the coast is not so severely cold as one might imagine on account of its being so far north. An ocean current from the south tempers the climate considerable; and the mountains keep off the winds from the cold, icy regions of the interior.

The greater portion of the inhabitants of this country are Indians, with a mixture of Russians. It will be remembered that Alaska once belonged to Russia, and was purchased by our government, in 1867, for the sum of \$7,200,000.

The occupations engaged in by the inhabitants are chiefly hunting and fishing. Salmon is very abundant in the streams, and canneries are established there. Whale fishing and seal catching are other occupations carried on in the waters of Alaska.

THE LONGEST RAILROAD IN THE WORLD
Is one now being constructed in Siberia. It runs from the Ural Mountains, east of Russia to the Sea of Japan, a distance of 4,785 miles.

E. F. P.

RAG-PICKERS OF PARIS.

ONE of most curious trades in Paris, and one of the most characteristic, is that of the chiffonniers, or rag-pickers. Their trade has already suffered considerably from the introduction of dust bins, regularly emptied every morning by carts which go round for the purpose; but, notwithstanding police regulations, a good deal of rubbish is still thrown into the street, and the "chiffonnier" may be seen at late hours of the night with his basket on his back, his lantern and long hook with which he turns over the refuse. The "chiffonniers" state that at present they cannot earn more than fifteen or twenty sous

a day beyond their food, which they pick up thus, or which is given them. They will turn any refuse to account and make something out of it, (infinitely repulsive, and apparently deleterious), but from which they do not shrink.

With a tax on the sawdust paste, for which they might earn five or six sous a day more than at present, for the price of rags would then rise. All the cotton and linen rags of good quality are, it is said, kept for the English market, the French retaining only what is inferior. The woolen rags are unraveled and carded and made into cheap goods; the red trousers of the French army, for instance, are thus turned into caps, which are sold by hundreds of thousands in Asia Minor. Silk rags, treated in the same manner, are used for the padding of various articles. Bottles of all kinds are highly appreciated, but even bits of glass are useful, being ground up into dust for glass paper. Many bottles and china pots are bought from the "chiffonniers" to be used for fraudulent imitations. Old play bills or advertisements are pounded up for pasteboard. Bits of cigars are a great treat, reserved for the use of the "chiffonnier" himself. Old tins are very valuable; often the "chiffonnier" fills them with earth and uses them like bricks to build a wall, supporting a hut, made of every imaginable refuse; as may be seen by those who have the curiosity to visit the "cities des chiffonniers," where they congregate, encamped like savages. When the tins are not kept for the "chiffonnier's" own use they are turned into the little trifles and toys sold so wonderfully cheap at the booths of fairs or at the New Year. The ingenuity with which the French make something pretty out of what would seem to be the most hopeless rubbish is really very remarkable.

THE lowest body of water on the globe is the Caspian Sea; its level has been gradually lowering for centuries and now it is eighty-five feet below the level of its neighbor, the Black Sea.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1892.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Armies of the World.



HOW much better and happier this world would be if mankind ceased to study and engage in the business of war! How much better, from the standpoint of civilization and Christianity to settle international disputes by means of arbitration!

The standing armies of the earth today have taken from the peaceful and legitimate pursuits of life many millions of men who are physically capable of improving instead of devastating the face of nature. Relieved of the dreadful duty of marching out to kill, or be killed by, their fellow men, the extent of their influence and labor in the advancement of the world can scarcely be calculated. It is a worthy and beneficent thing, we are told, to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before; to add another tree to the orchards or forests of the world; to redeem from desolation and render fruitful even the smallest part of the planet we inhabit. If the individual who performs these acts is entitled to the name and fame of benefactor, what shall be said for him who with armies at his command and the resources of a mighty nation in his keeping resolves that the farm and the workshop—not the barracks or the tented field—demand and shall employ all the brawn and brain that the nation can produce! Peculiar as such views might seem to the small family of sovereigns still inhabiting some portions of the earth, would they not win for their author the plaudits of the good and noble and wise in the great family of mankind, as well as the gratitude and admiration of generations still unborn?

Of a truth, the world has well-nigh outlived the days of force and bloodshed as exemplified in the long, red history of war. Thinking men ask themselves why it is more right for kings to plunge their dominions in strife and array their subjects in line of battle against their fellow beings than for private parties to resort to the same bloody, brutal method of settling their differences, perhaps invoking the aid of relatives and friends that the slaughter may be the greater. To cite a particular case, it is not easy to justify the expense attending the movement of a body of 150,000 troops toward the national frontier when thousands upon thousands in the nation are suffering for the necessities of life. It is estimated that the cost of the military demonstration recently ordered by the Czar of Russia would be sufficient to feed all his famine-stricken subjects. If this is true, how much greater would be the empire's relief if the vast expenditures for the support of the standing army could be stopped, and the millions of sturdy men now under arms could be converted from consumers into producers of the national bounty!

We have said that the days of the barbarous resort to the sword as the arbiter of national quarrels are fast passing away. Various causes are hastening the dawn of a brighter era. Not least among them is the astonishing development and deadliness of the modern weapons of war. The ruler who now-a-days is tempted to rush blindly into a conflict with his neighbor is restrained by the thought that he can scarcely escape public condemnation as a murderer of his fellow-men. He realizes that of those who go forth to war, a much larger proportion than ever before will be left stark and cold upon the battlefield. He knows that while this prospect increases infinitely the responsibility he assumes—for which, however, he may care little—it also multiplies to an incalculable degree the distresses and discontent to which he subjects his kingdom—and that is a menace which the most selfish sovereign cannot ignore. Indeed, it may almost be said

that modern invention has made men afraid to go to war,—the chances of escaping alive from the conflict are reduced to a minimum.

Besides, the sentiment of the world is strongly asserting itself against a business so sanguinary. The notion that might makes right is generally scouted, though still occasionally maintained. Treaties, diplomacy, arbitration have to a great extent taken the place of the hot appeal to arms. Civilization and humanity have made such headway that the king or emperor provoking a quarrel must prepare himself not only for the active antagonism he challenges but for the suspicious, the displeasure, perhaps even the enmity of every other nation on the earth. It may be too early yet to expect the world's disarmament, but where every ruler feels that there is no safety save in peace, and where each seeks to outdo the other as a peacemaker, it would seem that the day of plows and pruning-hooks, as successor to the day of swords and spears, was near at hand.

To the Saints and the children of the Saints this prospect is naturally pleasing. Yet they have engaged in a conflict, and if they are living their religion, the battle is constantly going on. To them can be commended the advice which Paul conveyed in such martial language to the Ephesians. There may be no more wars with carnal weapons against a mortal antagonist; but the combat with sin is still on and will not relax in intensity. The adversary of our souls is still active, full of deceit and strategy, insidious in his assaults and determined in his purpose. With him there can be no treaty, no truce; against him no abatement in warlike vigor.

Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

HIS MOTHER.

THE cold gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest streams in their uncertain mist, the factory chimneys flung their fiery banners of smoke against the leaden sky, a *basso-relievo* that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of never-ceasing machinery in the little town rose above the rush of the river like the buzz of a gigantic insect.

Charles Emery, the day superintendent in the rolling mills, was just retiring to his home, having been relieved by the night superintendent, and as he walked along, his feet sounding crisply on the hard, frozen earth, he whistled softly to himself, as light-hearted as a bird.

"You're going with us to-night, Charley, to the opera?" cried a gay voice, and two or three young men came by.

For upon that especial evening there was to be an opera in the little town, a genuine New York company, with a chorus, a full orchestra, and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the *qui vive* of delightful expectation.

"I am going," said Emery, slowly; "but not with you!"

"But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison, "when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of our party,—Kate Marcy and the Miss Hallowells and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you!"

"I have engaged myself to another lady," said Emery.

Harrison laughed.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said he; "but

Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight. And let me give you a warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a high-minded girl—it won't do to trifl too much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother the day before to go, and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

"Your father often used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it is twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear, that there is no young lady whom you would rather take"—

"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling mother is!" replied Charles, smiling across the table to her.

"Then I shall be delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery.

And her voice and eyes bore witness to the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked different to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother.

"She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all evening next to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. She won't care."

But when he went into the little sitting-room of their humble domain, and saw his mother with her silver-gray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow, her best black silk donned, and the opal brooch she owned pinned into the white lace folds at her bosom, his heart misgave him.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet-velvet flowers," said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid

gloves. And now you must drink your milk. I've made some of your favorite cream-biscuit, and the kettle is nearly boiling. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me I'm afraid, but I feel like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him, in her helpless old age and sweet, affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivaled the September peach.

"Going with some one else!" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of C——, and rather an heiress in her own right. She liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"Going with some one else!" she repeated. "Well, he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul the jealousy that disturbed her all the while she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up, until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle on the row of seats beyond, and Emery entered with his mother.

Then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gaslights had all of a sudden been turned up, as if all the mimic world in the opera house had grown radiant.

Never was voice sweeter to her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of the prima donna; never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared that the opera was "perfection!"

"Yes, but," said pert little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charley Emery with

that little old woman! Why couldn't he have come and sat with us?"

Kate said nothing. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion, but she said in a low, earnest tone,—

"I don't know what you think of it, Nina, but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his kindness to his mother."

And, almost at the same second, she found herself looking directly into Charley's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd separated then almost ere they could recognize one another; but Kate felt sure—and her cheek glowed scarlet—that he heard her words.

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking into her son's face as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow which seemed to enwrap the whole outer world in a dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl with the large blue eyes and the sweet face wrapped in a white, fleecy sort of hood—the one who said she respected you?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother."

"She has the face of an angel," said Mrs. Emery, softly.

The next day Charley went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red brick gables, sheeted with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of the busy village.

"Miss Marcy," he said, "I heard what you said last night."

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rosy pink.

"But," he pursued, looking her full in the face, "I cannot be satisfied with that, Miss Marcy, I want a warmer feeling. If you could teach yourself to love me"—

The dimples came around Kate Marcy's red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty.

"Mr. Emery," she said, "I do love you. I have loved you for a long time."

And Charley went home, envying neither king nor prince.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so kind to that little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head in the crowded hall of the opera house that night."

THE ANGEL OF THE RAILROAD.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190.]

"I SAT for perhaps an hour awaiting the return of my passport, when the door was again opened and another Cossack entered. He also came directly to me and inquired for my pass. I informed him that I had already given it to one of his comrades, whereupon he laughed, and said he must arrest and conduct me to the office of the Naczelnik.

"I did not hesitate about this and gladly accompanied him to this officer, where, as I firmly believed, my statements would be heard and justice would be accorded to me.

"The ante-room of this official was occupied by a number of soldiers, who immediately took me in charge and searched me thoroughly. Notwithstanding all my protests they took possession of my watch, several trinkets, my purse and pocket-book. In the latter were still thirteen hundred rubles. As may be well imagined such vile treatment aroused me, and I did not try to conceal my anger. After their purpose was served I was led between two of the soldiers before the Naczelnik, a short, lean man with spectacles, who wanted to know how it happened that I was traveling without the necessary papers to show my business. I told him what had become of my pass, and then added a request that my pocket-book be returned to me.

"He turned to the soldiers and made an inquiry as to the latter, and one of them handed him my pocket-book. The official opened it, counted the money and said, 'Here are a thousand rubels.'

"'Thirteen hundred,' said I.

"'There are only a thousand here,' said the Naczelnik. 'This money will be safely kept.'

"The glance which he then gave convinced me instantly that I was not to be released on any condition, and that he intended to possess himself of my money. Such thievery aroused me still more.

"Again the fellow asked why I had no pass, and I repeated to him what I had before told. He retorted that these were falsehoods which no person would believe, but if I was telling the truth I should give the name of the soldier who had taken my papers. Such was, of course, impossible, and thereupon he shrugged his shoulders and said I would be committed to prison for the present. He then advised me to make a full confession of any political interference I contemplated, and said such a course would be the safest and best for me. I asserted my innocence and asked that a dispatch be sent to Warsaw, where the knowledge of my integrity could easily be obtained.

"The Naczelnik shook his head and said it would not help my case to do so; besides, to telegraph would cost money; did I have any?

"I looked at him in astonishment and pointed to the pocket-book, in which, according to his own statement, there were still a thousand rubles, and said, 'There is some money.'

"The fellow laughed and replied: 'What supreme impudence! This money does not belong to you; it is already confiscated to the crown. If you have no other money than this we cannot telegraph as you request.'

"With these words he looked at me in such a scoffing manner that I completely lost my head. I struck the table with my fist and declared that this whole scheme was for the purpose of robbing me. The next moment I received such a blow from behind by one of the soldiers with a sabre that I almost sank to the floor.

"I am naturally very passionate, but now

every nerve of my body seemed aroused. I turned around and with one blow of my fist laid the soldier out on the floor, and before his companion could come to his rescue had seized him by the throat and was choking him. Then I turned to the table for the purpose of getting my pocket-book, but before I could obtain it and escape, a crowd of soldiers rushed into the room at the cry of my examiner. I received a terrible blow upon the head which threw me to the floor, and I was then abused in a most inhuman manner. My clothes were torn from my body; I was struck by their fists and severely kicked, even the Naczelnik doing his share in the ill-treatment of me. Bruised, bloody and with a sabre wound on the head I finally lay in a swoon upon the floor. I was then tied with strong cords, dragged to a cell room, into which I was thrown, and the door was closed and locked.

"When I was partly recovered I tried in foolish passion to burst my bands; my efforts were, however, vain, and I gradually became more quiet. When able to calmly consider my situation I began to feel that I was entirely lost. My anger had led me to commit a blunder which would doubtless cast a shadow over my whole future. I had resisted the military power, and had even attacked an examining officer, and that, too, in a country where such offenses were punished with the greatest severity. There seemed no possible chance for me to escape arraignment before a court where neither mercy nor scarcely justice could be expected.

"Those were terrible hours that I spent in that dismal cell. I lay for fourteen hours without a mouthful of water to quench my thirst or food to satisfy my hunger, and tied in a position that was most painful. Then to add to my discomfort, the weather was very cold, and I was chilled to the marrow. From sheer exhaustion I finally sank into a sleep, from which two soldiers rudely awakened me in the morning. They loosened the cords from my limbs and stood me upon my feet. I immediately sank to the floor, my legs hav-

ing become so weakened from cold and the tightness of the cords as to be unable to bear my weight. The guards, however, felt no sympathy, but beat me cruelly till I arose and staggered out ahead of them.

"They took me before the Naczelnik, who now read a list of my offenses. Among these I was charged with being a political refugee who was in the country without a pass, and with the excuse of buying cattle, visited and conversed with already suspected farmers; that I had resisted the officers of the army, assaulted an examining magistrate, fought with His Majesty's soldiers, and finally had insulted the officials of the empire and even was guilty of speaking against the Czar himself.

"I refused to give my endorsement to these charges, but the Naczelnik said this would make no difference, as my offenses had been witnessed by a sufficient number of persons. These witnesses, he said, were the soldiers who had captured me, and a cattle dealer, evidently the one whom I had overbid in the deal with the farmer, and to whom I believed I was indebted for all my trouble. The information was then imparted that I would be sent to a neighboring city the next day to receive sentence for my alleged crimes.

"'You will most likely be condemned,' was the solemn statement of this official, 'to life long labor in the mines of Siberia, for you are a political suspect, and an offender of the Czar. You will end your career in Siberian exile.'

"I was again led to my cell where my hands were released long enough for me to eat a piece of dry bread and drink some water, and then I was again bound hand and foot in which condition I lay for twenty-four hours awaiting a fate which was terrible to contemplate. According to what had been told me I would be charged with crimes, for the punishment of which a severe sentence would be passed. Of course I was not guilty of all these things, and had only spoken in a general way against the injustice of Russian officials, but what would all my denials

amount to in the face of what the witnesses would testify against me? One can more easily escape punishment in Russia if guilty of burglary, arson or even murder than if he is proved to have spoken against the ruler; such crime as the latter meets with the most severe penalties.

"What use was it for me now to reproach myself for being so passionate, or to wish I had never come to Russia? I considered myself lost. My relatives and friends would never hear of me again, unless, perhaps, when under pain and exhaustion death should come to my relief in Siberia, an announcement of my fate might reach my native land. One can well imagine my feelings with such a prospect."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RISING TIDE.

HAVE you ever stood, my brother,
On the sand beside the sea,
When the tide was slowly rising,
And drew ever near to thee?

Have you watched the waves approaching,
Then receding from the shore,
Though each breaking wave drew nearer
Than the one that came before?

Have you seen the beach grow narrow,
As the tide so slowly rose,
And the land so firm was conquered
By its persevering foes?

Though the land was firm and steadfast,
It was conquered by the sea,
For the tide that rose against it
Was impelled by God's decree.

Have you ever seen, my brother,
How the votaries of crime,
Like the grains of sand, for number,
Seem to stronger grow with time?

Have you seen the tide of temperance,
As it slowly rose each year,
How its waves sometimes receded,
But they soon again drew near?

And the waves kept charging higher
As the cleansing tide arose,
And the ranks of evil trembled
As they watched their rising foes?

Yes, the tide is surely rising,
And the waves upon the shore,
They are beating, beating—listen!
Can't you hear how loud they roar?

Soon the tide will overpower
The opposing ranks of sin,
For the Lord is in the movement,
And His strength is sure to win.

A. H. H.

ONLY ONE CENT.

THE city of Washington has its penny restaurant, as well as New York, where many honest poor can obtain a comfortable meal who otherwise would half famish, or be forced to humiliate themselves by begging. Many facts and incidents in the experience of the proprietress, Mrs. Roberts, were told recently.

"I always am on hand," said Mrs. Roberts, "in the afternoon, when the crush is, to see that things go on rightly, and, standing back, I see many quiet acts of nobleness. For instance, a few days since two young men came in, evidently accustomed to better things. Every one was busy, so I asked them what they would have.

"One said, 'How much for each dish?'

"One cent.'

"'Well, give me a dish of beans and a cup of coffee;' then he hesitated, and said, 'No; only give me a cup of hot coffee.'

"I brought it, and he gave me five cents; the girl behind the counter gave him four cents change; he took one cent and tried to slip it into his friend's hand, who had also ordered a cup of coffee.

"'I've got a cent to pay for my coffee,' said the other.

"'Yes, but you worked harder than I have, and you are very hungry. Get some beans or soup, and we will still have enough for breakfast.'

"The noble fellow had gone without what he wanted to give to his friend. I said nothing, but quietly cried to myself, and went and got both a big bowl of soup and bread, and set it down as if ordered.

"The other day a woman and child came in during the time when meals are not regularly served. I paid but little attention to her, only noticing that the child was eating. As she went out, I said,—

"Did you get what you wanted?"

"Oh, said she, 'I only had one cent, and the little one was so hungry, and we have walked so far, that I gave it to her.'

"I walked her back, and gave her a square meal. Every one who contributed to this in money and good can rest assured it has gone right where needed."

A STRANGE FREAK OF ELECTRICITY.

ON the roof of a meat store in Salem, Massachusetts, a clothes-line was stretched and on it a wet handkerchief was hung out to dry. This was seized by the wind, and twisted around an electric wire; by means of its dampness, this handkerchief conducted the electricity along the wire, and brought it into communication with other wires, running along which it reached the water pipes in the cellar. From these the electricity sprang to the stove, on which stood a kettle of boiling fat to which it communicated so strong a light that a workman who was near thought the fat was burning. In attempting to take the kettle from the stove he received an electric shock which threw him against the wall. Pale with terror, the man ran into a room back of the workshop. Another workman, trying to bring him a glass of water, turned the brass faucet of the water-pipe, and was immediately thrown against the furthest corner of the room. For several minutes everything appeared to be turned into a galvanic battery; the nails on the wall were red hot, the water-pipes spouted out flames, and even the iron bands of the water pail showed signs of disturbance. Finally the cause of the commotion was discovered and ended, as soon as the wire was freed from the embrace of the wet handkerchief.

A SPIT BATTLE.

A TRAVELER gives a funny description of the way rival traders dispute in Bulgaria:

No blows are struck in the east. A quarrel is accompanied by a series of highly exasperated expectorations, reminding the observers of a nocturnal feline combat. One of the *soi-disant* combatants spits upon the pavement in what he conceives to be an intensely malignant and daring way; his antagonist immediately follows suit, and spits upon his side of the street in what he imagines to be a more desperate and blood-curdling style, and if the controversy is a very deadly one, the participants keep up a bombardment of the unfortunate sidewalk until their lips are so dry that they rattle in vain to attempt to expend more ammunition.

When this point is reached the disputants generally walk off in different directions, turning back every two minutes for the first two miles to shake their fists in the direction they suppose their antagonist to have taken.

A BACK NUMBER.

THEY say that I am a back number,
But little I care what they say—
That slowly the wrinkles are coming,
That my hair has begun to be gray.

That my eyes have forgotten to twinkle
With the brightness so often they wore,
That the crow's-feet conclusively show them
That the days of my triumphs are o'er.

Yet little they know this old pagan
Will live the same life he has led
Far into the frosts of the winter,
When the glory of autumn is dead.

A man with a heart that is youthful
Will always find some one to love,
And one to return the affection
He endeavors to show and to prove.

M. H. G.

THE forest area of the United States is estimated at 481,764,598 acres.

THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH IN ZION'S CAMP.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 195.)

In my last article will be found the statement of the Prophet Joseph that the Zion's Camp pitched their tents on the "bank of Rush Creek, in Brother Burget's field." This was where we made our last encampment. It was the ending of a long, arduous and fatiguing journey of over one thousand miles, mostly performed on foot, over roads variegated by dust and mud, and crossing streams of both small and large dimensions.

It being in the warm season of the year, much suffering was necessarily endured by being necessitated, the most of us at least, to walk, unsheltered from the broiling sun. Sometimes, for a little season, we endured both hunger and thirst, but this class of suffering came upon us generally when we were out of the reach of settlements or too far away from the flowing creeks or springs of water. This was our condition sometimes while crossing wide prairies that were but sparsely inhabited. But before entering upon districts of country of that description, if we were successful in obtaining the correct information in time, we purchased from the people sufficient supplies of food and filled our vessels with water, which of course prevented, to a considerable extent at least, hunger and thirst.

Sometimes we had met with friends, but often with enemies, who either thirsted for the blood of our leaders or desired that calamities should befall us. Sometimes the prospects for an advance looked forbidding to the natural mind, and had not Joseph Smith been by nature a man of uncommon moral courage and an inspired Prophet, blest with the constant whisperings of the divine spirit and revelations revealing to him the mind and will of the Great Jehovah, it seemed to me that he would have been sometimes awed by the dubious prospect before us. But he never faltered. It is due his memory for me to here place on record the fact that I never, in

that camp or during the trials of his later life, saw Joseph Smith the Prophet falter or shrink from the performance of any duty or undertaking that the Lord had commanded or inaugurated. That this was both his natural and inspired characteristic was fully sustained by his firm, merciful and just course in Zion's Camp; when he afterwards battled with the political and religious world; when he was "led as a lamb to the slaughter," and sealed his testimony with his blood at Carthage.

earth with their guns in their hands, so sudden and powerful was the attack of this terrible disease. At the commencement I attempted to lay on hands for their recovery, but I quickly learned by painful experience that when the Great Jehovah decrees destruction upon any people, makes known His determination, man must not attempt to stay His hand. The moment I attempted to rebuke this disease, that moment I was attacked, and had I not desisted, I must have saved the life of my brother by the sacrifice of my own, for



LYMAN O. LITTLEFIELD.

I must make a few more references to Zion's Camp before it was finally disbanded. I can best give the account by making another extract from the writings of Joseph.

Our camp was made at Brother Burget's on the 23rd of June, 1834. Of the night of the 24th of June the Prophet writes:

"This night the cholera burst forth among us, and about midnight it was manifest in its most terrified form. Our ears were saluted with cries and moanings and lamentations on every hand; even those on guard fell to the

when I rebuked the disease it left him and seized me."

Of this terrible affliction, Joseph continues his account thus:

"When the cholera made its appearance, Elder John S. Carter was the first man who stepped forward to rebuke it, and upon this, was immediately seized and became the first victim of the camp. He died about six o'clock in the afternoon, and Seth Hitchcock died in about thirty minutes after. As it was impossible to obtain coffins, the brethren

rolled them in blankets, carried them on a horse sled about half a mile and buried them in the bank of a small stream which empties into Rush Creek, all of which was accomplished by dark.

"When they had returned from the burial, the brethren united, covenanted and prayed, hoping the disease would be stayed; but in vain, for while thus covenanting, Eber Wilcox died, and while some were digging the grave others stood sentry with their fire arms, watching their enemies.

"The cholera," he states, "continued its ravages about four days, when an effectual remedy for their purging, vomiting and cramping was discovered, viz.: dipping the person afflicted in cold water, or pouring it upon him. About sixty-eight of the Saints suffered from this disease, of which number thirteen died, viz.: John S. Carter, Eber Wilcox, Seth Hitchcock, Erastus Rudd, Algernon Sidney Gilbert, Alfred Fisk, Edward Ives, Noah Johnson, Jesse B. Lawson, Robert McCard, Elial Strong, Jesse Smith and Betsy Parish."

With regard to the disbanding of the camp Joseph writes:

"Early in the morning of the 25th the camp was separated into small bands and dispersed among the brethren living in the vicinity, and I wrote and sent by express to Messrs. Thornton, Doniphan and Atchison as follows:

"RUSH CREEK, CLAY COUNTY,
June 25th, 1838.

"GENTLEMEN:—Our company of men advanced yesterday from their encampment beyond Fishing River to Rush Creek, where their tents are again pitched. But feeling disposed to adopt every pacific measure that can be done, without jeopardizing our lives, to quiet the prejudices and fears of some part of the citizens of this county, we have concluded that our company shall be immediately dispersed and continue so, till every effort for an adjustment of differences between us and the people of Jackson has been made on our part, that would in any wise be required of

us by disinterested men of Republican principles.

I am respectfully, your obedient servant.

JOSEPH SMITH, JUN.

"N. B. You are now corresponding with the Governor, (as I am informed) will you do us the favor to acquaint him of our efforts for a compromise? This information we want conveyed to the Governor, inasmuch as his ears are stifled with reports from Jackson of our hostile intentions, etc.'

"I left Rush Creek the same day, in company with David Whitmer and two other brethren, for the western part of Clay County. While traveling, we called at a house for a drink of water. The woman of the house shouted from the door that they had no water for Mormons, that they were afraid of the cholera, etc. We turned and departed, according to the commandment, and before a week had passed, the cholera entered that house, and that woman and three others of the family were dead."

The presence of the cholera in the camp became known and consternation filled the minds of the people in consequence, an evidence of which may be seen in the incident related by Joseph at the house where himself and David Whitmer asked for a drink of water.

Joseph also states that he and the brethren were anxious that a proper representation should be made to the Governor of the state, Daniel Dunklin, with the view of effecting an honorable compromise in relation to the difficulties that had taken place between a portion of the inhabitants of Jackson County and the Latter-day Saints who had dwelt there as citizens. Accordingly several appeals and petitions were, at different dates, written by the Church authorities located in Zion, assisted by Joseph after his arrival in Clay County, directed to the Governor of the State and other men prominent in stations and influence.

Some of the parties addressed by the brethren received their importunities with favor, but the hardened leaders of the Jack-

son County mob who pillaged, plundered and drove our brethren from their comfortable homes, were generally inexorable and proposed terms that our brethren in honor could not accept. For instance, the Jackson County people proposed to buy the lands of the brethren who owned them. This could not be accepted by the brethren for the reason that, as they stated in their communication: "To sell our land would amount to a denial of our faith, as that land is the place where the Zion of God shall stand, according to our faith and belief in the revelations of God and upon which Israel will be gathered according to the prophets." Further, the Jackson County committee stipulated and required "that no Mormon should ever settle in Jackson County." However reasonable the terms they proposed may have been otherwise, nothing could have induced men with such genuine faith as was possessed by Joseph and the residue of the acting brethren, to accept of such proposals.

Governor Daniel Dunklin evinced a willingness to discharge the duties of his office according to the requirements of the Constitution of the State of Missouri. He issued the second order for the arms which were taken from the brethren in Jackson County, to be returned to them, but the requisition was not complied with for the reason that the mob who first got them in possession soon became so scattered that the arms could not be traced. The arms consisted of fifty-two guns and one pistol which fell into the hands of the mob on the 5th of November, 1833.

The Prophet Joseph further writes as follows:

"On the 3rd of July, the High Priests of Zion assembled in Clay County, and I proceeded to organize a High Council, agreeably to a revelation given at Kirtland, for the purpose of settling important business that might come before them, which could not be settled by the bishop and his council. David Whitmer was elected President and W. W. Phelps and John Whitmer, assistant presidents. The following High Priests, viz: Christian

Whitmer, Newel Knight, Lyman Wight, Calvin Beebe, William E. McLellin, Solomon Hancock, Thomas B. Marsh, Simeon Carter, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, John Murdock, Levi Jackman, were appointed councilors and the council adjourned. Frederick G. Williams was clerk in the meeting."

This I believe was the second High Council that was organized in the Church.

Joseph spent the last days of June, as he expresses it, with his "old Jackson County friends in the western part of Clay County." Also, he says, "on the first of July I crossed the Missouri River, in company with a few friends, into Jackson County, to set my feet once more on the goodly land, and on the 2nd went down near Liberty and visited the brethren."

The place where Zion's Camp made their last encampment and where it was broken up is situated east of Liberty, in Clay County. A person starting from Liberty east on the main road leading to Richmond, Ray County, when he has traveled about two and a half miles will cross a small creek and immediately after crossing it, directly to the south perhaps one-fourth of a mile distant, the place of that encampment will be reached. But a stranger could not identify the exact spot at the present day and no casual traveler would have it in his power to locate the precise places where the thirteen men who fell by the cholera scourge were lain by their brethren whose flickering torch lights aided their labor of love at the midnight hour. A few years afterwards I several times visited that place of our last encampment. I had a distinct recollection of that terrible scourge and the horrowing scenes of sudden death which snatched away our strong and valiant ones, as by a sudden wrench of its victorious triumph over the faith that was exercised by the Priesthood of God. God permitted it. His fiat had gone forth. The scourge that had been predicted by Joseph had its terrible fulfillment. It was our part to acquiesce.

There are perhaps those who may say the object of the Zion's Camp in traveling to

Missouri had, to some extent failed. They have certainly the right so to consider it; but my testimony is that very much good was accomplished. But I will not amplify much further. Joseph had been commanded to say to the eastern churches, (see revelation given on Fishing River,) "to gather together for the redemption of my people. But the strength of mine house have not hearkened unto my words; but inasmuch as there are those who have hearkened unto my words, I have prepared a blessing and an endowment for them, if they continue faithful. I heard their prayers, and will accept their offering; and it is expedient in me, that they should be brought thus far for a trial of their faith."

Just before the camp was dispersed the Prophet Joseph Smith blessed those who had traveled up with it, and had been faithful, with many blessings. He said the brethren should have the privilege of becoming presidents of Seventies. This was remembered, and after his death, when the Twelve began to organize more quorums of Seventies in Nauvoo, all those who had journeyed in the camp were enquired after and were set apart to preside over quorums, so far as they could be found. My father was set apart as a president of Seventies, to preside in the eleventh quorum, and the writer of this article was set apart as one of the presidents in the sixth quorum, Brother Israel Barlow, now deceased, was also one of that company, being the first presiding president. A few years ago when the quorums were reorganized in Utah, I was called and set apart as the first president of the seventeenth quorum, which position I still occupy.

As to the genuine character of Joseph Smith as a just and honorable man and an inspired Prophet, I can not influence the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to form too high an opinion. Estimated among the prophets of early times he is not and will not rank as being inferior to any. This man who led us in Zion's Camp and to whom we all listened with the profoundest convictions that he was inspired by God has been the recipient of

all the keys of dispensations held by prophets of old, and the revelations of Jesus Christ declare that those keys shall not be taken from him.

Much might be written in this connection to show the attitude and high position that is and will be occupied by the Prophet Joseph Smith, as he will stand connected with the Father and the Son, and as he is and will be associated with holy prophets of old; for his testimony is sealed with his blood and his triumph is acknowledged by the heavenly hosts who worship before the throne of the Eternal Father, the Judge of the quick and the dead. There will he be acquitted of the charge of being a false prophet which the sectarian world have incessantly proclaimed against him; and, taking rank with the redeemed and exalted of every age—forever free from the influence of sycophants and assassins—he will move in the realms of endless life, where the Gods rule and the sceptre is one of peace and glory through the vast celestial dominions.

L. O. Littlefield.

MANLINESS.

DOES it consist in —
 Swearing,
 Smoking,
 Drinking,
 Playing pool,
 Staying out at night,
 Loafing around saloons,
 Disobedience to parents,
 Jeering at old people,
 Being "too big" for church and Sunday School?
 Ridiculing the Bible and religion?
 Persons usually outgrow and become ashamed of these foolish ideas, unless they are confirmed loafers. If they do not, their descent is very rapid to all that is evil. Boys, have you any of these symptoms? If so, be sure you get rid of them before it is too late.

For Our Little Folks.

THE DEER.

THE deer is a pretty animal. It lives in the mountains. The largest specimens of the deer family sometimes weigh more than four hundred pounds.

The deer is a very shy creature. Its hoofs are divided like those of a sheep; and it has a short tail. Its coat is red in the summer, and of a blue color in the winter. The bucks have very large horns which they shed each year. When the horns come out again they are covered with a soft, silken hair. There is one point of horn added each year. The does have no horns.

The deer's fore legs are very strait and it runs very fast. It does not run as a horse does, but springs on all four feet at once when running very fast. The young deer are called fawns. They are very pretty creatures. They are spotted: the spots on them being about the size of a common marble. In the summer the does and the bucks run separately, but in the fall they run in herds. In the winter when it is very cold and deep snow covers the ground they come down to the edge of the valley to get food.

When I was on my father's ranch in the Panguitch Mountains I saw very many deer, some of which were very pretty. One morning as I was

going out to look for my cows I saw two fawns which had come down from the mountains, and stood licking the lump of rock salt which my father had placed there for the cattle. As soon as they saw me they went bouncing up the mountain side like beautiful rubber balls.

*Ann Jones,
Age 12 years.*

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THE PET HEN.

My grandma once had a pet. It was a pretty, black and white speckled hen. We all thought so much of her. When we would be eating she would come in and go right to grandma, and act like she said, "Give me something to eat." Grandma would take a piece of bread and hold it way up from the floor in her hand, and the hen would jump up and get it. Then she would put a piece in her hand and shut it up tight, and the hen would look and peep all around her hand, and would put her bill in and try to get it, but she could not. Then she would go around to the other side and do the same. After she had played awhile grandma would give it to her.

If any of the rest of the folks would offer her any food she would come and get it, but she would go right back to grandma again; she was her favorite friend. One day she was missing. We looked for her but could not find her. In a few weeks

after that my uncle Wallace was getting wood from the wood pile and he found her dead. She was sitting on twelve nice, white eggs. She had layed her eggs and had commenced sitting, when some of the wood had been rolled down on her, which killed her.

*Willie Curtis.
Age 7 Years.*

SPRINGVILLE.

POLITENESS.

POLITENESS may be defined as the method of expressing our thoughts in such a way as to avoid giving offense, but rather to convey a feeling of respect. True politeness springs from the heart and is simply to express kind feelings. It is founded on the Golden Rule: Do to others as you would like them do to you. As often used, however, politeness is entirely devoid of true feeling, and is simply a mark of respect towards those to whom we direct it. Politeness, when naturally wanting, may be acquired to a certain extent by everyone except those who are wholly selfish. A selfish person is rarely polite or courteous. Some nations, as the French and Japanese, for instance, are very polite. Politeness smoothes over the rough points of our nature, and does much towards making our intercourse with friends and strangers agreeable. We should on this account strive to be polite not to

one, but to everyone, and treat everyone with respect, as we would wish to be treated ourselves.

Politeness at home is just as essential as politeness abroad. It is a very true saying, that under unusual circumstances we will do not as we wish to do, but as we are in the habit of doing. So if we are not polite at home and to our parents and brothers and sisters, we are apt to be impolite to strangers. Let us then salute one another with a pleasant "good morning" or "good evening," when we meet, and not pass selfishly by without speaking, as if this world was solely for our own pleasure; but we should remember that the way to be happy is to make others happy.

*Olive Branch,
Age 13 years.
PRICE, EMERY Co., UTAH.*

THE DOG AND THE NEWSPAPER.

SEVERAL dogs have been taught to go to the post-office for their master's newspapers, or to receive them from the newsman.

A neighbor of mine, who was fond of telling good stories, used to give an account of the cleverness of one of his dogs. The dog went regularly every morning into the neighboring town for the *Times*, and brought it back before breakfast. This was a fact.

On one occasion the dog returned without a paper—so my neighbor used to tell the story. His master

sent him back again, when he once more appeared with no paper in his

paper had not come. "Sir," answered the postmaster, "your *Times*



THE DOG NEWS CARRIER.

mouth. On this the owner ordered his cab, and rode into the town to inquire of the postmaster why the

did not arrive this morning; but when I offered the dog the *Morning Post* he refused to receive it."

THE DOG PREVENTING THE CAT STEALING.

THE owner of a spaniel was one day called away from his dinner-table, leaving a dog and a favorite cat in the room. On his return he found the spaniel stretched her full length along the table, by the side of a leg of mutton, while puss was skulking in a corner. He soon saw that, though the mutton was untouched, the cat had been driven from the table by the spaniel, in the act of attempting a robbery on the meat, and that the dog had taken up his post to prevent a repetition of the attempt.

The little animal was thus in the habit of guarding eatables which she believed were left in her charge; and while she would not touch them herself, she kept other dogs and cats at a distance.

How much evil might be prevented, if boys and girls would always act the part of the faithful little spaniel; only, as they have got tongues in their head, and know how wrong it is to do what is bad, they can remonstrate lovingly with their companions who may be about to do a wrong thing—and then, if this fails, do their utmost to prevent them.



MOLLY—Just think, Lucy, my aunt has got false hair and teeth. Lucy—That's nothing. I heard my pa say that my aunt who lived in Houston had a false tongue.

A MERCIFUL LAWYER.

The following is told of Abraham Lincoln when he was a young lawyer in Illinois. The court had adjourned, and he was riding to the place where the circuit was next to meet, when he saw in a slough a pig that could not extricate himself, but, with all his struggles, only sank deeper. Lincoln had on a new suit of clothes, and, not wishing to soil them, he drove on; but, unable to get the pig's unfortunate situation out of his mind, he at last returned to help the poor creature, and succeeded in getting it out after soiling his clothes a good deal, and once more started on. Beginning to examine the motives which sent him back to help the pig, he at first thought it was for the animal's sake, but finally decided that he went, as he told a friend, to "take a pain out of his own mind."



RETORT NOT DISCOURTEOUS—First boy (contemptuously)---Huh! Your ma takes in washing. Second boy—O' course. You didn't s'pose she'd leave it hangin' out over night unless your pa was in jail, did ye?

NEVER CHASTISE IN ANGER.—First Boy---What did yer mother do to yer fer goin' skatin' on thin ice an' gettin' in? Second Boy---She boxed me ears. "Did it hurt?" "Nope. She was so mad she didn't wait fer me to get my ear muffs off."

THE DAISY.

KEY F.

BY A. C. L.

s.s : s : m	m.r : r :	d.d : d : m	r.r : r :
Little flower with	starry brow,	Slumb'ring in thy	bed of snow,
m.m : m : d	d.t ₁ : t ₁ :	d.d : d : d	t ₁ t ₁ : t ₁ :
Thee no wind nor	storm can tear	From thy lovely	mountain lair,
Type of truth and	emblem fair,	Virtue struggling	through despair;
s.s : s : m	m.r : r :	d.d : d.r : m.r	d : -
Or with light - ly	tinged ray,	Winter gone and storms a-	way,
m.m : m : d	d.t ₁ : t :	d.d : d.d : d.t ₁	d : -
Nor the sleet - y,	sweeping rain	Root thee from thy native	plain.
Close may sor - rows,	hem it round,	Troubles bend it to the	ground;
r.r : r : m	r.d : t ₁ :	d.r : m : s	m.d : r :
Peeping from thy	couch of green	With thy modest	simple mien :
t ₁ .t ₁ : t ₁ : d	s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ :	d.d : d : m	d.d : t ₁ :
Winter's cold nor	summer's heat	Blight's thee in thy	snug retreat;
Yet the soul with-	in is calm—	Dreads no anguish	fears no harm,
s.s : s : m	m.r : r :	d.d : d.r : m.r	d : - :
Here I love ; to ;	see thee lie	In thy low se - reni-	ty.
m.m : m : d	d.t ₁ : t ₁ :	d.d : d.d : d.t ₁	d : - :
Chill'd by snow or	scorch'd by flame	Thou for ever art the	same.
Conscious that its	head may rise,	Planted 'neath congenial	skies.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

You say you would like to be happy, my friend;
Well, it's nothing but right you should gain it;
But mind, your success here will solely depend
On how you proceed to obtain it.

There are laws for our guidance wherever we go
That are founded on justice forever,
And this one is sure that whatever we sow
The same will return to its giver.

So, if you'd be happy, the best thing to do
Is to try to make happy another,
That he in his turn may tender to you
The love and esteem of a brother.

The rule, as you see, is so equal and grand
That it leaves us no reason for cavil,
As each on life's journey needs friendship's kind hand
To steady us on as we travel.

Did you ever observe it, in temporal things,
When you spend out for wants that are pressing,
That the dollar your comfort so readily brings
Proves also to others a blessing?

And so it is true in a spiritual view,
When the true coin of love is expended,
It serves our best ends, while it builds up our friends
And the interest of each is defended.

There's a law in our being that bids us be one,
If we only had sense to apply it;
But our jealousy leads us each other to shun
And we suffer because we defy it.

Then, if you'd be happy, my friend, as you say,
Lay your selfishness down on the altar;
If you think you can gain it some easier way
You may try, but I fear you will falter.

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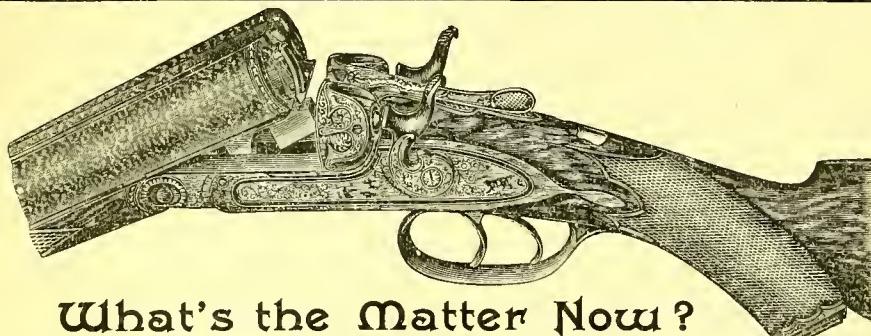
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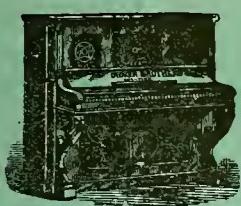
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